Nuggets of News

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1986

P.O. Box 26
Gold Hill, Ore. 97525
325 Second Ave.

September 1991

SARDINE CREEK MEMORIES

By Mark E. Campbell

I first saw our Sardine Creek "ranch" in the early summer of 1933, after the Depression forced us out of our Seattle home, and we had made the long journey south in our 1922 Maxwell touring car with the split rims and side curtains with Isinglass windows. We stayed temporarily in a one-room shack on the north side of Rocky Gulch, until my father could fix the access road to a larger structure on the south side.

There was much work to be done on our "house" across the gully, where Mother would conduct housekeeping for the next two years. The roof leaked, a few boards had been "borrowed", and the windows were missing. On a hunch, Father visited Robby Dusenberry, down creek on the same side, and found that Robby had indeed removed the windows for safekeeping. In the meantime Father located a cookstove which he put in one corner of our shack; a double bed filled another corner, and I helped rig a bunk for me under the peak of the roof, a kind of attic platform, reached by climbing up some cleats nailed into the studs. I remember often waking up, after a cold night, warmed by the heat rising from the cookstove, and climbing down to breakfast before starting on the day's chores.

Mark Campbell looking over the old homestead on Sardine Creek 6/29/91

After it was rendered habitable, our house had three rooms, bedroom, kitchen, and sitting room. The stove was on one side of the kitchen, with my bed opposite. In the center were the table and three chairs, where we had all our meals. There was an old couch in the sitting room. No plumbing or electricity, of course. The outhouse was a couple of hundred feet away, in the edge of the trees. I carried water to the house from a spring in the gully; it was drinkable, but I remember that it had a rotten wood flavor which came from the old section of hollow tree trunk which formed the walls of the spring box. We used a kerosene lamp at night, or sometimes the ancient Coleman gasoline lantern which had always traveled with us into the out-of-the-way places. It had to be pumped up and preheated, like a blowtorch, and the delicate white mantles would fall into dust at the slightest jar. Installing new mantles was a tedious and exacting ritual.

Father decided to raise chickens so that we could sell the eggs and buy groceries. With no experience, we borrowed an incubator, sent away to Sears & Roebuck for eggs, and managed to produce drawers full of baby chicks. I was impressed! I was also impressed by the very serviceable chicken house Father built from small pine logs and scrap lumber. Soon we had a healthy flock

of White Leghorn pullets that would fly like pigeons; when I chased them out of the fields at dusk they would soar high in the air before circling down to the chicken house. Soon they grew mature and heavy and quit flying and began their egg-laying duties.

We got discarded motor oil from the local gas stations and smeared it on the floor and roosts of the chicken house to control the mites. One of my chores was collecting the eggs, and we would take them to Medford every few days and make the rounds of the grocery stores, trying for the best price. We would have a barrel strapped on the front of the Maxwell, and after selling the eggs we would drive around into the alley behind a dairy and fill the barrel with discarded whey. The trip home with the heavy weight on the front of the car was a bit precarious, and sometimes we would stop halfway up Blackwell hill to let the engine cool. Father would save gasoline by coasting down the other side of the hill, but if he took the engine out of gear he would have a real tussle re-engaging at the bottom; synchromesh had not yet been invented when the Maxwell was built. Back at the ranch I mixed the whey with bran, and the chickens ate the mush with enthusiasm.

In 1916 my father and a partner, H. H. Corson, had purchased 200 acres adjacent to his original 40; it included the old McDonough place with its barn and house, and the field surrounded by a picket fence, and sat astride Rocky Gulch with its flowing springs. There were many ancient oak trees, both white and black, groves of scrub pine, and a few huge sugar pines near the upper springs. Just above the 200 acres, in the left fork of Rocky Gulch, was George Bailey's old deserted cabin. George had subscribed to the Saturday Evening Post, and the floor of his cabin was littered with back issues. When I was hunting squirrels or quail I would sometimes stop and browse through them, and as I was sitting quietly the little gray field mice would scurry along the rafters.

We attempted to raise crops on the fields next to the house. First the brush had to be cleared, and the Maxwell was pressed into service as a tractor. We wrapped a chain around a clump of brush and hooked it to the rear bumper; put the Maxwell in low gear and out it came. After a few days we had cleared the field and I had learned to drive. Corn grew as well as anything; potatoes were riddled with potato bugs; wheat didn't amount to much, except as feed for a couple of cows. Father believed that a thorough sun tan was good for the health, and stripped down -- completely -- when he was hoeing the weeds. This kept Mother pretty nervous because she had to be alert to visitors starting up our driveway from the Sardine Creek Road. They drove up the other side of the gully, down into the gully and across the bridge, then up onto the ridge where the house was, and as they came past the chicken house they had a full view of the field. There was just time for Mother to hear the car approaching the gully, get to the door and holler at Father, and for him to race back to the house to get his pants on. Eventually she convinced him to take the pants into the field with him, but he still had to hustle when visitors arrived and he was at the other end of the row.

The hard times were shared by many neighbors on Sardine Creek in those days. Next up the creek from Ralph Dusenberry was Grant Powell with his mother; further up were old Jim Smith and his sons. Across from Ralph was Mrs. Wright and her little boy, Bert. Further on down were Norah and Perry Waite, and across the creek Ed & Minnie Fiene lived in a fine house that Ed had built. Coming up creek from the Rogue, the first farm on the left belonged to Earl Croft, and we became good friends with Earl and his wife, and their daughters Madge, Nina and Sylvia. There was also a son, in the Navy, whom I never met. Next up from Croft was the farm where Arthur Dusenberry lived. After sunset, when the evenings were still, one could often tell by the sound whose car was coming or going. Trains passed the mouth of the creek with their familiar mournful whistle and subdued roar. On the top of the hill to the east the airline beacon light steadily swept the sky.

Life was difficult, but we always had food on the table, and there was always time for the Saturday night dance. Often it would be held up Sardine Creek, in a small building near the schoolhouse at the fork. The word would be passed along during the preceding week, and the musicians would gather with their fiddles and guitars, and someone would bring up a piano on the back of a truck. Whole families would attend, with grandparents taking care of the babies while the rest danced the square dances and two steps. There was always plenty of food and soft drinks at the break; sometimes it would be a box social, with the guys bidding to buy a box lunch, theoretically not knowing which gal had packed it. I remember hearing

that Ginger Rogers and a group of her show business friends once showed up at a Sardine Creek dance, but it didn't happen while I lived there.

Carl Ruth was the driver of the school bus that made the Sardine Creek run. I would usually wait for the bus at our mail box; if I was not there he would blow his horn and start on down the road. If I heard the horn I would burst out of the house and run frantically along the fence to where it converged with the road, and he would stop for me there. Delores Drennen, Jean Smith, Iris Dusenberry, Nina and Sylvia Croft, and Arthur Dusenberry also rode the bus. Sometimes as a treat for us on the way home, Carl would decide to take the Galls Creek kids home first; we would always cheer as he went on past the Sardine Creek road without turning up, because we enjoyed the excursion through less familiar scenery, and a break in the routine was always welcome.

At Gold Hill High School I soon got acquainted with Ted Wharton ("Hank the Hermit"), and we spent many happy hours hiking and hunting over the hills and valleys of the Gold Hill area. I remember one time we went swimming in the Rogue and came back to his home near the school. We had terrible sunburns but were forced to go out and help fight the fire which burned over Beacon Hill that day and raced down through the chaparral to within a few yards of the houses at the edge of town. After his family moved to Medford, Hank lived with us for a time in 1933 and 1934, until school was out in June. In the summers of 1934 and 1935 Hank and my father and I worked in the potato fields, fruit orchards and hop yards to earn a little cash.

In those days the dredge was making its way up Foot's Creek. Sardine Creek had been worked over years earlier by Chinese gangs, and the long ridges of rubble and debris they left were still visible in the brush along the creek. Sometimes a lone miner would appear in the creek bottom with sluices or a cradle. I asked one guy how much he was making, and he replied that some days he would hit a small pocket, and other days find nothing, but that he averaged about $3 a day. A good answer, I thought; $3 was about a

day's wage if you could find work. If he said he was making more than that, he would attract competition; if he said less, he might be suspected of lying, and attract investigation.

The Maxwell was my father's hobby as well as the family transportation. He often had the engine apart to adjust the valve timing or the conrod bearings, and frequently bragged that "it always got us home". He visited the wrecking yards in the Medford area routinely, looking for this or that part to upgrade the engine or the suspension; and so it happened one day that he found the ultimate in replacement parts -- another Maxwell touring car! It was a 1923 model, and he knew that the design of the main bearings had been improved over our old 1922 model. The price was right; he bought it on the spot for $20 from a Mr. V. E. Zumwalt of Jacksonville. (I have the receipt dated September 18, 1934.) It was in running order, but had a loud knock caused by a loose conrod bearing. He nursed it along to the Croft place, where he was to pick up my mother and me, and shut off the engine. When we got back in the car we followed the usual routine; Mother sat in the driver's seat to operate the spark and throttle levers on the steering column, while Father worked the crank. He gave it a whirl, the engine caught, Mother advanced the spark -- but she was too late backing off the throttle; the engine spun faster and faster until there was a great crash and the loose conrod broke free and smashed through the block. It was ruined. We towed it home and abandoned it in a grove of pine trees near the Corson shack. I wish I had it today. The next year we disposed of the old 1922 Maxwell and bought Ed Fiene's 1926 Oakland, which had roll-up windows.

I especially remember the people, our friends and neighbors, and my schoolmates, and the dances, and picnics, the Grange meetings, and the annual high school outing in Ashland's Lithia Park, and the hiking and hunting. And the cement plant, which was the energy that kept the town going. And occasional dinners at Bertha Coy's restaurant. And the Walker house with the rainbow on the roof. And the song of the meadowlark, perched on a fence post, as I hiked along the highway. And trying to stay awake in class on a hot afternoon, when the windows were open and the cicadas were humming in the laurel trees across the street. And playing marbles at recess; I lost a lot of marbles before I became skillful enough to compete with the best.

For me and my classmates in those days, the passage of time was not as measured by the calendar, but as an accumulation of events. We had the heightened sensitivity of teenagers; we were tightly tuned, with a quick perception of details, especially social interactions. My two years on Sardine Creek, packed with new adventures, seemed later to have been half a lifetime. Even now, many years after, the Gold Hill interlude stands out as one of the memorable experiences of my life. It is pleasant to recall the people, the places, the events, and the very feel of that era, when times were hard but we found moments for happiness, and we went on building our young lives while the turbulent Rogue flowed by and the hot sun warmed the hills.

The annual report will be published instead of the President's message. This report will bring you up to date on what we have been accomplishing since 1989.

ANNUAL REPORT

Since there wasn't an annual report for 89-90, I will include an update on that time period.

Work was started on an application to list Hanby Junior High school in the National Register of Historic Places. Research was done by three Hanby T.A.G. students, Amanda Huffman, Jeremy Warren and Aric Genaw, with the help of teacher Alma Gates and historian Linda Genaw. The students also did some oral histories while working on the Hanby nomination. Hanby was listed in the register February 20, 1991.

The Society was in need of a building of our own. Mainly to have records and artifacts in one place so we could display and work on them. We received $4500.00 from S.O.H.S.'s contingency fund to rent a building.

We were able to sell our cook books at a profit, and order a new batch, which was paid for by profits from the first printing.

We worked on photo cataloging and took numerous pictures of original for our files.

Members, Mary Bradish and Alyce Bottleson received plaques from the Gold Hill Chamber of Commerce as Co-Citizens for the year 1988-89.

We received the deed to a city lot from Pacific Power and Light to do with what we want. It had an old brick building that needed to be removed.

We made our first calendar and it sold exceptionally well.

During the year we worked with the schools of our area and had a display at Crater High school. We visited Patrick where we shared and discussed photographs.

We had a photo display at the Post Office and our 1910 map was on display at the library.

Officers for 1990 were Cindy Faubion, President, Crayetta Armstrong, Vice President, Gene Heil, Secretary and Clare Moore, Treasurer.

The History Center opened in Medford with some of our members in attendance.

Students Rachel Merusi and Maris Mapolski worked on the Society scrap books.

We rented a building at 165 Fourth St. Everyone pitched in and cleaned, painted and set up our headquarters. Our grand opening was held June 23, 1990. William Tramposch, Director of O.H.S. was official speaker and ribbon cutter.

Newsletters have been improving with each issue. We have been printing extra copies to sell at our headquarters along with calendars and cook books.

We did not participate in the Jackson County fair due to cost and lack of volunteers.

Clare Moore resigned as Treasurer, due to health at the annual picnic. Winona Nichols took over as treasurer.

REPORT FROM AUGUST 90- AUGUST 91

Our headquarters on Fourth St. were not working out, as there had been some flooding, extreme heat in the summer and cold in the winter, plus a door that wouldn't stay locked. We moved most of the artifacts back into storage for safe keeping. The building committee started looking for a better place for us. In November, we voted to rent rooms in the Baptist Church building. In December we rented rooms and moved to the Bible Baptist Church to store our office documents etc. and hold our meetings.

Ted Wharton took charge of creating a logo. He had members design ideas. By December, Ted had our logo drawn up and voted on. The logo was a combination of ideas designed by several members.

Cindy Faubion was selected for the Grants in Aid commission with S.O.H.S. and is now on the board of trustees.

We had a rummage and bake sale and made $400.00

We took third place at the Gold Dust Day parade.

Linda Genaw has been working hard organizing the Photo department. We rented a safe deposit box at Western Bank to store original

papers, negatives etc.

We had the building torn down and the lot on 1st. Avenue cleaned. Members and non members moved 1500 bricks to Linda Genaw's home. Since we do not use the property for historical society purposes we have to pay property taxes.

We tried to sell cook books at Meir and Frank in Medford without success. We did much better with a cook book, calendar and bake sale in front of D'Anglelos' in November.

At our December meeting we shared our own artifacts with fellow members.

The newsletter has gone back to four issues a year as we ran low on funds and volunteers to put it out six time a year.

Flyers went out for memberships for 1991.

We had a change in the by laws regarding elections. Nominations of officers will be at the meeting preceding our January meeting. Elections will be held in January.

The building committee continued to look for a more permanent quarters, as the church was not a place to work.

Elections were held and new officers are Clare Moore, President, Ted Wharton, Vice President, Winona Nichols, as Secretary and Treasurer.

Marge Martin became our secretary in April thanks to Winona Nichols.

We had an offer on our property, but we were too slow on deciding and the deal fell through.

In the spring we had a pot luck lunch at Genaw's. Members cleaned bricks in order to prepare them for sale. We are selling the plain bricks for $1.00, the gold decorated bricks for $5.00 and the needlepoint bricks for $20.00. Thanks to Winona for decorating the bricks and donating her time. The money raised from the sale of the bricks is being deposited in a special fund for repayment of the cost to demolish the building and clean the lot.

We rented two offices at 325 Second Avenue. One side is our office and work/meeting room plus a darkroom, the other side is a nice museum. With a lot of cleaning and painting, we moved in on April 1st. April 1st until June 1st time was spent accessioning and cataloging all articles before being placed into the museum. Pictures were taken of each item, some of them did not turn out and will be re-shot.

During June, we had a display of mining articles on loan to Roxy Ann Gem and Mineral club.

G.H.H.S. was honored as Grand Marshals for Gold Dust Day and we won grand prize in the parade. We sold cotton candy at the carnival but received little profit for the work involved.

The darkroom has been set up and photo work is being done for the 1992 calendar. The calendar will be ready for sale in October.

The museum opened its door on Gold Dust Days. Thanks goes to the members who have volunteered their time, and Ken Nichols for the outstanding job on the sign out front. We have received over 400 visitors in 3-1/2 months. We have received cash donations, as well as photos and artifacts. As each donation comes in, it has been cataloged and accessed.

Looking back through our goals, we have achieved everything except a permanent place, grants to help make our work easier and gathering all the oral histories we can.

I want to thank each member for everything that has been done as we could not achieve this without your devotion to Gold Hill history.

In closing I would like to say we have had our ups and downs but I feel we have overcome the many obstacles before us and I am very proud of what our society has achieved since our start in 1986.

Clare Moore, President

Gold Hill School Reunion 1991

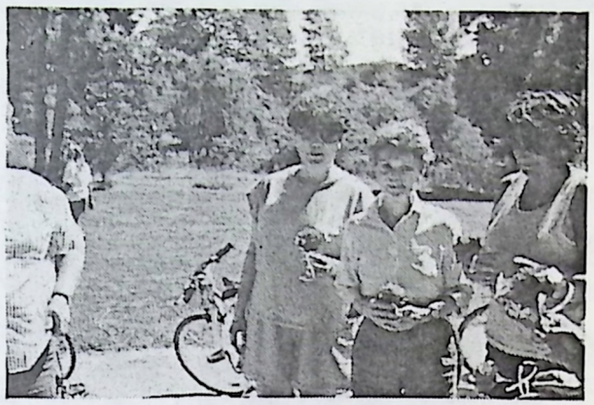
By Mary Kell

The tenth annual Gold Hill School Reunion was held Saturday, July 29 and Sunday, July 30, 1991. The two day event was planned for all former students, who attended the Gold Hill Schools prior to 1952. All former principals, teachers,

GRAND MARSHALS

GRAND PRIZE

JANET SESSIONS, KIELY FAUBION TOM CUSHMAN & TODD GENAW



Mary Lou Campbell, Crayetta Armstrong and Linda Genaw receiving flowers in appreciation for their services

Winona and Ken Nichols, all smiles after receiving their plaque

President Clare Moore presenting David Cushman with a Junior Historian certificate

The annual meeting/picnic was enjoyed by everyone

Clare Moore teased Aric Genaw when presenting him with the Junior Historian plaque, asking him if he would move the bricks one more time!

Don Moore listens attentively to his wife Clare conduct the annual meeting

Part of The Oregon Old Time Fiddlers

LOOK WHAT WE'VE BEEN DOING

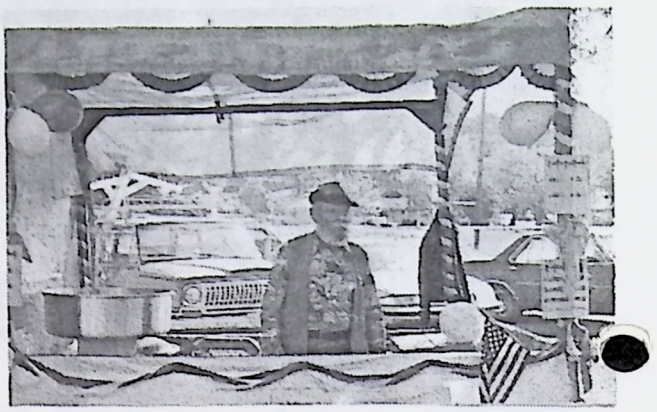
WINONA NICHOLS

MARGE MARTIN

ART CAMPBELL

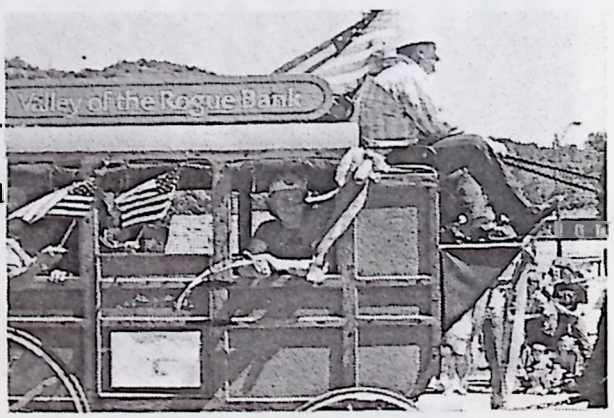
KEN MARTIN, DON MOORE AND HYMIE KLAUS

After cleaning and painting we move in and have some fun



KEN ERICKSON

Showing off our Red, White & Blue as Grand Marshals of the Gold Dust Day Parade



WINONA NICHOLS & TED WHARTON

BRIAN CLEMENT'S Truck and those aboard; MATTHEW SADDLER, CASEY FAUBION, TOM CUSHMAN, ARIC & TODD GENAW

employees, spouses, and friends were also invited to participate.

The event began with registration at 1 p.m., July 29 at the Gold Hill Grange Hall, corner of Sixth Avenue and Fourth Street. During the afternoon 101 guests signed the register. A no host dinner was served to 87 at 6 p.m. in the dining-room downstairs. Gold Hill Grange members prepared and served the roast beef dinner.

Those attending the reunion traveled to Gold Hill from different areas in Oregon, Washington, California, Montana, Colorado and Florida.

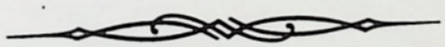
For some this was their first time to attend a reunion with old friends in Gold Hill and for others it is an every year event.

"Everyone is so friendly and it is so much fun to see and visit with old friends" were among happy remarks overheard.

A no-host dance was held at the Gold Hill Odd Fellows Hall, corner of Fifth Street and Fourth Avenue from 8:30 to 11:30 p.m., July 29. It was attended by some of the Reunion crowd.

Many gathered on Sunday, July 30th in Section B at Valley of the Rogue Park for a no-host reunion potluck picnic.

The two day reunion event was planned by a group of former students and their spouses. The committee and other former students appreciates the efforts of the Gold Hill Grange members for their part in making the 1991 Gold Hill School Reunion a success.



Property Update

We ran ads in local newspapers during the month of July without success. We voted at the August meeting to turn the sale of the lot over to real estate agent, Herb Malone from Good Friends Reality, Inc. in Rogue River. This company is affiliated with Century 21.

Bad News

We have had our articles on display for over a year now and a sad note, one of our magnets that was included in the mining display walked out of our museum. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of the magnet, please return it, no questions asked. We have really been lucky that nothing else has been removed.

By the way our museum is opened to the public Tuesday through Sunday 10:00 A.M. until 4:00 P.M. Admission is free, donations are welcomed.

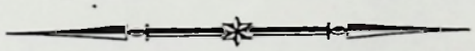
If you would like to volunteer to greet visitors you can call Winnie Nichols at 855-7729. Helpers are needed and appreciated.

By volunteering, you will have an opportunity to meet people from all over the world. We have had over 400 visitors since June. They have come from Germany, Denmark, Hawaii, Canada, Japan and all over the United States.

Membership Dues

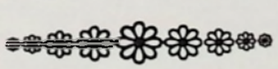
Last year, we voted to change our by-laws so members who joined after September 1st. would have a full year membership. If you join after September 1st. 1991, your membership is good through December 31, 1992.

Because our bookkeeping is done by volunteers, it simplifies matters if memberships go from January 1st to December 31st.



Rummage Sale

The rummage sale at the park this year was a success. We made $400.00. We hope to have another sale in October in front of our office. If you have donations, take them to the office at 325 Second Ave. This will also be a bake sale so if you are a good cook this is an opportunity to strut your stuff!



Committee Updates

This years calendar is nearing completion. Look for it soon.

The committee working on our historic homes is making progress. We are still looking for early pictures of Gold Hill homes. If you have a photograph that we could copy, please contact Linda at 855-7260.

Annual Meeting/Picnic

August 25, 1991 we held our annual meeting at the Gold Rogue Sports Park. There were more people in attendance than any other year.

We were entertained by the Oregon Old Time Fiddlers. They were an addition to the festivities that we hope to have back next year.

Ted had all of our mouths watering smelling his chicken cooking. It was a feast to be had including everyone's yummy food. Those of you who didn't come missed a great day. Hope to see you next year.

An added entertainment was watching the young people play football. This was a no holds barred free-for-all contest! Our junior historians invited their friends to join in the fun.

During the meeting President Clare Moore presented awards to a number of people who have volunteered their time during the past year. The following people received a flower from Clare as a thank you; Crayetta Armstrong, Mary Bradish, Alyce Bottleson, Mary Lou Campbell, Linda Genaw, Gene Heil, Winnie Nichols, Janet Sessions, Art Campbell, Tom Cushman, Reg Genaw, Don Moore, Ken Nichols and Ted Wharton. Cindy Faubion was presented a bouquet for serving as President for 90-91.

A special award was presented to Ken and Winona Nichols for giving so much of their time, money, effort, blood, sweat and tears to our Society.

This year our Junior Historians have taken a more active part than in previous years. The following were presented certificates; David Cushman, Daniel Cushman, Kenny Cushman, Rachel Cushman, Casey Faubion, Kiely Faubion, Logan Genaw, Todd Genaw, Ben Horner, Rachel Merusi, Maris Mapolski and Matthew Saddler.

Aric Genaw was presented a plaque for his outstanding contributions to preserving Gold Hill's history and moving the bricks THREE times!

Other thanks that couldn't be acknowledged at the picnic are to Don Morrow, Brian Clement, Marguerite Cushman, Ruth Harmon, Ida Tilley, Anne Millbrooke, Edith Malone, Teddie Matteson, and Ken Erickson.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

You have probably been anxiously awaiting this edition of the newsletter. Due to unforseen circumstances, your editor was needed in Eugene to take care of her mother after her hip replacement.

Nominating Committee

The nominating committee will be looking for new blood to replace the anemic group that have worked themselves into exhaustion. If you would be interested contact Alyce Bottleson at 855-1889.

If you, or a friend would like to help us preserve the rich history of Gold Hill and the surrounding area, receive the historical society newsletter, and other fun stuff, complete the form below and return it with your $5.00 check or money order for a Family Membership to:

Gold Hill Historical Society
P. O. Box 26
Gold Hill, Oregon 97525

Name_____

Address_____

City_____State_____Zip_____

Telephone_____

OFFICERS:

President:
Clare Moore 855-1891

Vice. Pres:
Ted Wharton 773-4525

Secretary:
Marge Martin 855-1559

Treasurer:
Winona Nichols 855-7729

Past Pres:
Cindy Faubion 855-1902

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